

When Senator Jones went to the senatorial caucus from the lower branch, Mason, W. E., of Chicago, is a little over 40 years of age, a dumping of a man, curly-haired, blue-eyed, with a broad-headed and thirty-seven. He has a brown moustache, and having figured as a considerable man at home, in Springfield, Ill., is expecting to make a hit in congress. He is a New Yorker by birth and lived in Iowa a considerable time, but finally decided that for the time being he would be a hustler in Chicago with the plain features and face are not unlike those of Captain Jim Christie of the United States senate, and well known in New Hampshire.

and all, has been in this world thirty-six years. He is slender and rare breaks the monotony of black in dress, perhaps out of respect for his brother who died not a year ago. He has a black bang and a face inclined to be florid. He has nervous black eyes and is easily rattled on the floor of the house, though very apt to make blunders. He has a nervous self-confidence

Lloyd S. Bryce, one of the New York city congressmen, is but thirty-five. He has just demonstrated his title cleverness by a novel called "Paradise" which shows up the divorce business in a decidedly lively manner. Bryce was at one time paymaster general of the state.

thick streaks in his hair, but he is only thirty-three. He was born in Ireland, but looks French when clean shaven, and close-buttoned. He has drooping eyelids, full, ruddy cheeks, well-cut trousers, and the perfect self-assurance due to several years in New York world politics.

the house is only thirty-two. His name is James Schoolcraft Sherman, and he has already been mayor of Utica, N. Y., at his home. He is a Hamilton college graduate, a lawyer by profession, and won his seat by beating Go-on-and-finish Spriggs.

Philadelphia Times: "It isn't too late for a snake story, is it?" said a man who has just returned from a trip through the state. "It's not a harrowing tale, but it's true. A few weeks ago I was traveling by stage coach from one town to another up in the state, and as we were going slowly up a hill, I saw a

were going slowly up a hill I saw a blacksnake running along the side of the road and apparently trying to go through a stone fence that divided the road from the fields. There was a young fellow on top of the coach who had been up to all kinds of pranks ever since we started, and as soon as he saw the snake he jumped down and ran after it. We thought he was trying

to kill it, but instead of that he caught it by the neck with a quick movement and came running after the stage when it coiled around his arm. He jumped up on the step, and as I happened to be sitting next to the door I got the full benefit of the ghastly fun he seemed to be having. He would squeeze the snake's neck until it spread its mouth wide open and then run his finger over

its teeth. This was too much for his mother and sister, who were in the stage, and they sent him aloft again. When we arrived at the next town I tied a string around the snake's neck and put it down in the street, where it amused the boys until someone killed it.

tinued the gentleman. "I had another adventure that made all the flesh of my body creep. One day I went with a friend whom I was visiting up into the beech woods to shoot pigeons. They come there in great flocks to feed on beechnuts. After bagging a good many birds I sat down on an old log to wait the effect of some of B—s shots. I hid my hand back on the log to keep

myself, and thus look up into the trees more comfortably when suddenly Bill said something that sent the cold shivers down my back. He spoke in the quietest and matter-of-fact way, but with a fear of startling me, but there was a world of meaning in every syllable. "Harry, continue looking up in the trees precisely as you are now doing and don't make a movement as you go on."

and don't make a movement as you value your life! Trust to me and be assisted as death! The words were hardly spoken when the report of his gun broke on the air, there was a peculiar rustle or rattling in the leaves at my side, and I jumped to my feet to see an enormous rattlesnake writhing in the death struggle within three feet of where I had been sitting. B—— told me that he had

opened to glance toward me and saw the snake coiled up on the log within striking distance of my hand. The least motion on my part would have been the signal for it so strike."

A Daughter of Liszt.

Paris Letter: Some interest has been excited by the appearance of a young lady who claims to be a daughter of

Liszt. Her mother, she says, was an Italian; she is a member of one of the reigning families of Europe; indeed, one of the most eminent royalties. Her birth was kept a secret, of course, to avoid scandal, and she was brought up in ignorance of her parentage. She was, however, treated almost like a young princess. When Liszt died she was visited on a visit, somewhat by the royal lady.

question, who first obtained from him an oath of secrecy, and then told her the story of her birth. The young lady still conceals the name of her mother, who is living, but feels under no obligation to keep the oath so far as her father is concerned. She is a handsome girl, with Liszt's cast of feature and has received a handsome fortune.

DYSPEPSIA

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